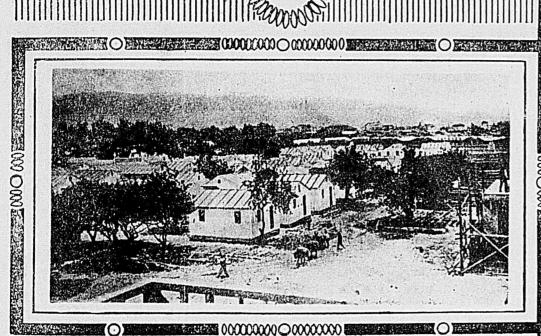
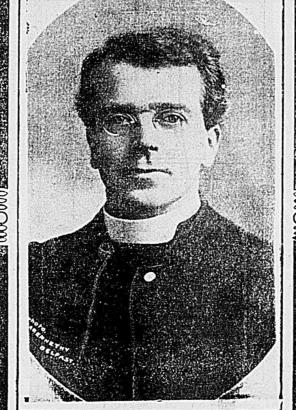
Invariably Make Their Announcements Through The "News."

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



THE "AMERICAN VILLAGE.

Ready For the Coronation



NEW FATHER MATHEW. Founder of the Catch My Pal Temperance Movement.

NEW FATHER MATHEW ROUSING IRELAND FOR TEMPERANCE.

Rev. R. J. Paterson Doing for the Protestant North What the Famous Priest Did for His Co-religionists in the South-"Catch My Pal" Movement Succeeds Because it Offers a Positive Program Instead of a Negative Pledge.

to his wife to whom he pays stray visits when he has time, and an absorbing passion for money-making. Today there are dozens of people in Mrs. Newhouse's set who think she is a widow because they have neverseen her husband. He loves to know she shines as a bright and particular star in the Anglo-American firmament of London; he gives her leave to do practically what she likes with her check book, but for himself he hates to be bothered with society. Mrs. Newhouse has had plenty of proposals from casual acquaintances unaware of the existence of her husband. Having a keen sense of humor she has, as she to his wife to whom he pays stray keen sense of humor she has, as she expresses it, "been tickled to death." Miss May Van Alen, who has not een back from America very long, has and some girl friends to stay with her

them something to do."

up the whole philosophy of the great

temperance movement which he

founded a little more than a year ago

and which already has done more to

change the face of Ireland and the

habits of her people than anything

since the great crusade which Father

Theobald Mathew started in 1838 in

Cork. Father Mathew identified the

cause of temperance with the work of

the Roman Catholic church in Ireland, and he gave the temperance pledge t

hundreds of thousands of his co-re-ligionists, but his propaganda, probably because it was identified with the

because it was identified with the name of a Catholic priest, never had any great effect in the Protestant

any great effect in the Protestant north. Seventy years later another Christian minister, this time of the Presbyterian faith, found the secret which has swept his co-religionists into the war on the drink evil.

The movement which Mr. Paterson founded is known officially as the "Protestant Total Abstinence Union."

"That," says Mr. Paterson, "Is the polite name of it. I call it the 'Catch My Pal Movement, and by that name it is known all over Ireland. Superior

ople have told me that it was vulgar

people have told me that it was vulgar but I am making no apologies for it. The movement is as old as Christian-ity itself. Our blessed Lord founded it when he enrolled his disciples and told them to go out and catch men. I am only following in his footsteps. I am

trying to catch men myself and I enrolling others as fishers of men."

NEEDS NO APOLOGY.

But the catch my pal movemen

needs no apology. Its work speaks for itself. In about 14 months it has enrolled about 150,000 people in half-adozen counties in the north of Ireland and it is spreading all over the country. More than that, although its constitution of the country of the country.

try. More than that, although its constitution confines its membership to Protestants, it has infused new life into the temperance work of the Roman Catholic clergymen and its effects are, therefore, much more important than would appear even from the treatment of its large membership.

statement of its large membership.

a statement of its large membership.

Now what manner of man is this who has accomplished what earnest and able temperance workers have been trying without success for years? No one will deny that the country towns

of the north of Ireland were notorious

of the north of Ireland were notorious for their intemperance. Mr. Paterson has made them sober by a phrase. Probably you have a vision of an austere, elderly, grey-bearded Presbyterian minister,—the sort of man described by Burns in his satires on the Scottish kirk, and indeed the sort of man who will be found in —many of the Presbyterian pulpits in Ulster to this city, but nothing can be farther from the truth. Picture to yourself a

from the truth. Picture to yourself a jolly, rosy, kindly little parish priest of the type described by Lever, bubbling over with spontaneous wit and full of the milk of human kindness. You can't talk to Mr. Paterson for five minutes with at least least least least and Links seen bing at

to Mr. Paterson for new initiation out laughing, and I have seen him at the close of a big meeting, when he was physically exhausted by his offorts, stop for full 15 minutes and play with a dirty little baby whose wails from its tired mother's arms had interrupted his west talling resides.

tired mother's arms had interrupted his most telling periods. And the baby wasn't frightened of the stranger. It cooed and smiled at him and raised a pitiful howl when he finally parted from it. The parish priest idea is car-ried out in his appearance, too. He is clean shaven and eminently ecclesiasti-cal leaking and only those who are

cal looking, and only those who are versed in the niceties of the Roman

collar and other details of ecclesiastical millinery, would ever set him down as a Protestant clergyman. Perhaps his appearance and his joility account for

the fact that his own people in Armagh always address him as "your rever-

THE AWAKENING.

For 18 years Mr. Paterson was minister to the Presbyterian church in Ar-

to eatch men myself and I am

The countess of Granard, too, is having a superb coach built; the shape is, I am told, to be especially novel and picturesque. There was an old one in Lord Granard's coach house but the countess pronounced it "ramshackle and antiquated." The new one heroine. leather, which, in itself, means a small fortune. WILL DWARF KING'S HORSES. Great difficulty is being experienced made a hash of her matrimonial prospects which were once excellent. Miss

American Peeresses Getting

ONDON, Nov. 21,-"Upon my

Carlton club the other day,

'American women are the most

previous creatures under the sun. At

this early date, I am told by the lord

chamberlain those who have the en-

tree at the Coronation are inundating

him with questions." He went on to

say that American women had as great

a love of a pageant as the late King

Edward and a far greater appreciation

Certainly their ladyships from the

United States do not intend to be

caught napping. Not only have they

been buying ormine and exquisite lace

for the great ceremony of next year,

but some of them have sent their state

carriages to be re-decorated and up-

holstered already. The manager of

one of the oldest and most aristocratic

carriage builders in London told me

he had five state carriages to embellish

of magnificence.

in getting horses of the requisite height -something between 16 and 17 hands, for a state coach. Irish horses, being mostly of this size, are in great demand, and Lady Granard has already secured some magnificent high steppers, finer even than those which will convey the king and queen to Westminster Abbey. For truth to tell, some of the horses in the imposing royal equipage are venerable beasts, long in the service, many of them having done duty in the days of Queen Victoria,

The American ambassador's state coach is a splendid turnout, modern and up-to-date in every respect. Quite regal is its lining of deep cardinal leather. Right on top of the coach in front is a small silver eagle with outstretched wings. On the doors are painted flags representing the stars and stripes and the private crest of monogram of the ambassador.

Most of the representatives of foreign nations use state coaches at great royal functions, but others content themselves with ordinary barouches No doubt at the forthcoming ceremony even automobiles will be used numbers of the aristocracy who do not want to go to the expense of buying horses to draw a family coach which has been reposing for so many years at the furthest end of the garage -forgotten.

JACOB ASTOR'S BREACH.

Quite pathetically a friend of Mrs. John Leons Astor was recounting at a tea party the other afternoon how she had just heard that little Murlel Astor had been coaxing her father while she had been staying with him with America "to make it up with

mother."

"Oh, I miss you so, father," she said.
"Well, then, how would it be,"
Colonel Astor replied, "If you came to
me entirely and Vincent" (his son)
"went to your mother." But Muriel
would not hear of that arrangement.
"What I want is you and mother together," she replied.
Mrs. John Jacob Astor will make
her house in Hill Street her headquarters during the winter and she

ner nouse in 1111 street ner neur quarters during the winter and she means to do a great deal of enter-taining in a small, exclusive way. There is a certain well-known figure who, so to speak, is always on her doorster watching for her return, and his persistency in the face of no en-couragement is the amazement of

With the prefix "Honorable" to his set; is good-looking, clever and what we call "a good sort" and there are many of Mrs. Astor's friends who think that she might do worse than take the heart at her feet. According to herself she will never re-marry. "The children would not like it for one thing." she says; "Vincent, I know, would

know, the very apple of her eye. She would practically do anything for him. There are 25 photographs of him in her boudoir in Hill Street. soul," said Lord Knollys at the MRS. NEWHOUSE IN LONDON.

Mrs. Newhouse is making the Ritz lotel her headquarters for the moment. Mr. Newhouse of Salt Lake will join her immediately, but his visits to London are of the briefest. He is the typical American husband one sees on the stage; a great and successful business man torn by conflicting emotions—an absolute devotion to his wife to whom he trays stray at Rushton. There has been in Europe some time a young woman whom everyone who knows her and has read that well known American book, "The House of Mirth," says is the exact pro-This girl goes from the house of one rich friend to that of another and with a miniature income tries to keep up with them all. Beautiful and well born, she is received everywhere, but, like "Lily Bert," she has a capaci-ty for doing the wrong thing and has

tan to her and invited her to put in CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

May Van Alen acted the good Samari

For some time past this new "Lily For some time past this new "Lily Bert" has been up to her eyes in difficulties, dressmakers' bills, debts of honor and so on. She had been helping Miss May Van Alen in putting Rushton straight for the arrival of Mr. Van Alen and had the keys of various safes. In one is some valuable jewelry and to it is attached an electric bell, a fact of which the guest was wholly unaware. Late one night Miss Van Alen was awakened by the sound of this bell and, rushing forward, found her guest standing by the open door. her guest standing by the open door When she saw her hostess the unfortunate culprit fell on her knees. nate culprit tell on her knees. There was a heartrending scene in which Miss Van Alen appears to have suffered as much as the other woman.

"There is no one in the world so ser-

ry for you as I am. I suspected you were in trouble. And if you had only told me"—said May Van Alen.
The incident ended by Miss Van Alen advancing her friend a handsome sum out of her own allowance on the prom-ise that such things should never hap-

pen again.
Mrs. Wade Chance telegraphed to several old friends to come and dine with her, as she passed through London a week or two ago. She is very fond of London though it is in Paris she will London though it is in Paris she win mostly reside for some time to come. "I have been living at other people's expense, for months," she told her guests. She has paid something like 20 visits, one of the pleasantest being to Sorrento, where she was at one of the exclusive house parties which Mr. Astor gives at his villa ther.c LADY MARY.

LIFE ON A BATTLESHIP.

To the "land lubber" one of the peculiar and ofttimes discomforting elements of life on a warship during target practise is the necessity for numerous baths. After each volley all the men on deck must take a bath. Some-times there are four or five baths a This becomes quite monotonous Japanese inaugurated this practise bath is taken before and after shoot-A bath is taken before and after shooting, to guard against possible infection of onen scratches and cuts from the flying rowder. When the big guns co off, the landsman on deck is thrown into consternation. A horrible, sickening wrench makes one feel as if each limb was separately grasped and pulled in various directions, and it is a long time until he gets his "sea legs" again. Life aboard ship is not the ordeal that rumor has characterized it. The hard-tack legend is erroneous, The sailors are well fed with the best ylands prorumor has characterized it. The hard-tack legend is erroneous. The sailors are well fed with the best viands pro-curable, and their bread, far from being hard-tack, is as good as that which is served in any high-class hotel or res-taurant. There is a spirit of good-fellowship among the men below decks. he says; "Vincent, I know, would leach man has his separate duties definitely designated and there are no petty jealousies,—J. W. Aide, in Leslie's.

magh, and a year and a half ago he expected to end his life there. Then came what he describes as "the wonderful thing," and a few months ago the work of his new movement became so heavy that he had to resign his church and take up his headquarters in Belfast. It is characteristic of the man that in doing so he took no thought for the morrow, but trusted in a higher power to provide for himself and his family. Now what was the wonderful thing and what have been its results? I will tell the story as nearly as possible in Mr. Paterson's own words as he told it to me after one of his meetings, at which, by the way, he enrolled nearly every man present as a member of his ELFAST, Ire., Nov. 24 .- "Men can't live on negative things. want something positive, something to do. I have given In these three sentences the Rev. Robert J. Paterson of Armagh summed

every man present as a member of his

"I was in Armagh 18 years," he said, "and almost as soon as I began my ministry there I was impressed by the magnitude of the drink evil. It opmagnitude of the drink evil. It op-pressed, obsessed and bossed the city. Armagn is the most ancient Christian city in Europe. There has been a sea-of Christian worship on top of the hil where the old cathedral stands for 1,40 years. One would expect that it would be a model of the Christian virtues, but I am ashamed to say that it was one of the most drunken towns in Ireland, and I am doubly ashamed to say that it was the Protestants who furnished most of the town drinkers. The priests at the cathedral looked after their own people well, and here let me give credit to one of them, little Father Shearin, who has of them, little rather Shearin, who has done a grand work for temperance among his own flock. I saw what he was doing and I was ashamed and determined to do my share.

"Well, for years I labored for temperance in the old way and I soon got a

ance in the old way and I soon got a name as a temperance crank. I gave the pledge to thousands but it didn't seem much good. In fact I may as well confess that after a while I fairly loathed the sight of a man coming to my manse to take the pledge. They didn't come because they wanted to stop the drink. They came because they had lost their jobs or had got in a mess of some sort. Often the employers told a man that if he would go to Mr. Paterson and take the pledge he would get his job back. Of course that would get his job back. Of course that kind of man didn't keep it long. day I met Father Shearin on the street and I asked him, 'Father, what's the secret of your success in fighting the drink?'

"'Faith, Mr. Paterson,' he replied, 'there's no secret about it at all. I expect it's just because my people believe I'm in earnest about it.

"That set me thinking again. I really in earnest? So much in ear-nest as to do the unconventional thing and perhaps shock some of my best friends? Maybe I wasn't in those days.

THE BEGINNING. "Then came the wonderful thing. On the evening of Tuesday, July 13, 1909,

was going home to my manse and noticed a group of six men leaning against a lamp post nearly opposite. One of them—a decent laboring man named John Elliott, left the others and walked on past me as if he didn't intend to speak. Then he stopped and as I passed said, 'There's a wheen of fellows, your reverence, that ought to take the pledge.'

"God must have inspired me' at that moment, for it flashed across me that here was the chance I had been waiting for. 'Come on, John, my lad,' said I for. 'Come on, John, my lad,' said I, and I took him by the arm and back we both went.

"'John here says you ought to take the pledge,' says I, and they agreed that it wouldn't be a bad thing, but they hung back a bit. 'Oh, we couldn't they hung back a bit. 'Oh, we couldn't do it tonight, your reverence,' said one. 'Don't go so fast there,' says I. 'I wasn't going to ask you to take it tonight, and I wouldn't give it to you if you wanted it. I want you all to come to my manse next Friday night, and take it together.' You see the idea had come to me that if I could get the view of them to take the pledge together. six of them to take the pledge together would be creating a sort of public opinion that would make each of them ashamed to break it.

"Well, they hung fire at that and I told them a little story. 'Boys,' says I, 'what would you think of a servant girl that had six nice dry wee sticks to light a fire and who lit one of them and let it burn out and then lit the next, and then the next, and so on. She'd be a long time getting a fire at that rate. But if she got a piece of an old newspaper and laid it nicely in the grate, and then put the sticks on top of it, and then lit the lot together she'd soon have as nice a fire as a minister could have as nice a fire as a minister could want to toast his shins at.

want to toast his shins at.

"'Boys,' says I, 'you're dry now, but you'll be drier on Friday night and I'm going to light you all together on that night at half-past 8.'

"Well, they agreed to come at last and I went home and I think I never prayed as hard as I did between that Tuesday and that Friday. On the great night when I was sitting in my study watting very nervously I'll adstudy, waiting very nervously, I'll admit, I heard a knock at the door and I ran out and there was my brave John Elliott with his five men. I can tell you I was glad. I took them in and we prayed together, and I gave them 'For God and home and native land.

I hereby promise to abstain from all alcoholic beverages, and to get as many others as I can to do the same.' SECRET OF IT ALL.

"That last clause is the secret of it all. I gave those men something to do and before they left the house I made them all promise to come back the next Friday night with six more

had an anxious week and about 8:15 there was a knock and there was John Elliott alone. My heart went down. 'Your reverence,' he asked. down. what time did you say we were to

"'Come at once John,' I sald,', and he ran across the road and back he comes with 11 men. Every man of the lot 'had caught his pal. Next week there were 32 men in my study and I don't believe there ever was such another gathering in the study of a minister of the gospel. Some of the big-gest blackguards and boozers and drunkards in the town were there. One of them hadn't been sober for 20 years, except six months that he was in jail. I gave them the pledge and there and then we founded the Armagh City Protestant Total Abstinence Union. When e grew a little bigger we changed the and a month ago we had over 130,000 enrolled members. After that we met in the school room attached to my church and I tell you they were wonderful meetings. Time was when I wouldn't meetings. Time was when I we give the pledge to a drunk man, I will and gladly. Some of the truest men I have took the pledge when they were drunk. And what a time we had. Every man who took my pledge went out to eatch his pal, and br him in, and if his pal was a dru en blackguard, so much the better. month after we started I met a fellow minister who had been away on a holiday and asked him what he thought

"Til tell you what I think, Paterson, he said. 'When I went away without having my eyes and ears fended by the sight and sound of dozen drunken blaspheming vagabonds When I came home I walked up the same way and I didn't see a drunken man or hear an oath. That's what I think of it!'"

Since those days Mr. Paterson ha since those days Mr. Paterson has spoken in nearly every town in the north of Ireland and in several in England and Scotland. There is hardly a town or village in Down, Armagh and Antrim that have not branches and and Altrin that have not so the land and most of the towns in Tyrone, Loncerderry, Donegal and Fermanagh have also representatives. I asked Mr. Patersen what the concrete result of the movement on the liquor trade was, but he declared that he couldn't give any As usual, however, he told a story to Illustrate his point.

BIGGER BUTCHER'S BILLS

"A fellow minister," he said, "went into a workingman's cottage in a small town in County Down and he said to

(Continued on page eighteen)

Reconstruction of Messina Postponed by Italian Inactivity

50 seconds this grand old Sicilian city was completely wiped out. Nearly two years have since that fateful December morning, yet you will find that we are barely on the threshold of its rehabili-

"AMERICAN" HOTEL

Which Is Now Vacant and a Ruin Because the Builders Couldn't Get a Concession.

Thus spoke Mr. Bayliss Heynes, the British vice consul at Messina, as we crossed the famous straits which divide Sicily from the mainland in Calabria. How different was the scene which met my gaze as we neared the landing stage from that which I had beheld only two short years before! Then the port and town were instinct with life and movement. A great city reared its proud head over the waters of the Mediterranean, pulsating with all the importance of a big beehive of industry. The beauty of the town, its

stately cathedral, its historic palaces. stately cathedral, its historic palaces, and handsome public buildings had impressed me as few other cities in southern Italy had done. "In 50 seconds" all was in ruins. The most disastrous upheaval of modern times had converted a capital of 150,000 inhabitants into a colossal sarcophagus of heaped up remains, a memento of nearly 3,000 years of existence.

But signs of vitality are not wentled.

But signs of vitality are not wanting in the new Messina, the style and ap-pearance of which may best be likened a primitive American mining camp its wooden huts and long one storied hotel—stoop and rocking chairs all complete. The contrast is pitiful In the extreme, but much has been done by the generosity of the world at large, the present comfortable little home-steads being in large part due to the splendid gift of the American people in aid of the homeless refugees at the time of the disaster.

EMPTY SHELLS OF PALACES. Approaching Messina from the Villa

San Giovanni side of the straits one's first impression is that the whole story of the terrible disaster is a fairy-tale. Seen across the glittering waters beautiful Messina appears to be still on the dushtide of prosperity. Her snow-white palaces and stately municipal buildings seem to beckon the visitor a hospitable welcome as he draws nearer to the shore. But appearances in this sun-blessed clime are decently. blessed clime are deceptive. The new arrival soon perceives that the long line of shining facades are but the empty shells of a mighty city's former splendor. A drive through the main streets of the city showed me the wholesely of the city showed me the wholesale devastation which had taken place. Here, great stacks of shattered building material almost blocked the way; there huge pipes and girders twisted into a thousand fantastic shapes; cylinders thousand fantastic shapes; cylinders and parts of floors and structures were scattered in all directions. The huge cathedral, one of the finest and most classic fanes in southern Europe, now lies a tumbling mass of ruins, all bar-rleaded around to keep at bay the curious and, still more, the mischievous In some of the side streets central pas

sages are cleared so that people can pass up and down, but many others still are closed. Passing along the Marina one comes upon remnants of the National theater, the City Hall and some If the most splendid palaces of the rich merchants of Messina. The same terrible havoe has been wrought here. The only rem-mant left of the once historic play-house is the front wall surmounted by Thespis, flanked on either side by the twin goddesses of the arts and drama. A moment later we are in the midst of the ruins of the once imposing City hall. In the great court yard lie in heaps the remains of exquisite statu-ary, solid masonry and the broken pla-lars which once supported the anglent has been wrought here. The only remlars which once supported the ancient

Passing from the old Messina to the Passing from the oid Messina to the new a different picture meets the eye. Starting from the landing-stage we leave the rulned city on the right and come at once into the main street, a fine, wide road, which may be described as the corner stone of the new town. This was formerly a prosperous sub-urb of Messina and was the site of a series of deliclously-scented lemon groves and gardens. In the center of the street stands the sole building which escaped destruction at the time of the disaster. It is known as the "Pension Excelsior" and was formerly occusion Excelsior and was formerly occu-pied by a doctor. The cause of its im-munity is said to have been due to the fact that it was constructed of refir-forced cement. The street is known as the Viale San Martino and is flanked by sidewalks on either side, a luxury not always to be found in Sicilian towns. Small stores, dealing in the

every-day necessaries of life with a few cheap jewelry establishments and shops of dealers in Italian knick-knacks complete the business end of the street. Here also stands the "Grand Hotel" where the officers of the garrison mess nightly and where loungers congregate on the stoop at night. It is all the very prototype of the western mining camp. To make it complete only the miner and the riflecomplete only the miner and the rifte-man are wanting, bur not the loafer. Up the same road, over the bridge beneath which the mountain torrents rush in winter, are the residential huts which have for the most part beer erected from the charity funds sub-scribed in Italy and foreign countries. Some 2,000 of these habitations, all of which were constructed from the gift of the American people, are situated in the Mosella quarter. They were put up under the direction of Commander Belknap, U. S. N., at that time United States naval attache at the Berlin em-bassy. It is, perhaps, a slight anomaly complete only the miner and the rifle States naval attache at the Berlin embassy. It is, perhaps, a slight anomaly to see in this far-off Island of the Mediterranean streets bearing such familiar American names as "Via Bicknell," "Derby," "Williamson," "Buchanan," "Belknap;" to say nothing of "Roosevelt." Mr. Heynes has located the British vice consulate in this latter street. The American village is prettily situated and everything is finished and in quite apple-pie order. All the huts are occupied and there is no rent to pay. Besides these, there are the Swiss and Danish huts, now in occupation, and those of the Italian benevolent committees, including the nevolent committees, including Roman, Lombardian Piedmontese Milanese, some of which are now being erected to open up new districts.

The state cottages are in the poores part of the new town. DESERTED HOTEL

But American enterprise did not stor here. At the instigation of Commander Belknap an hotel, which was named the "Regina Elena," after the queen of Italy—who had done such splendid At the instigation of Commander ork in the good cause—was erected to one of the most attractive parts of the Moselia quarter. Owing to the re-fusal of the local authorities to gram a concession to the American Building company, the hotel is now standing unoccupied with many of its windows broken, a striking memorial to Ameri-can enterprise and Italian official un-graciousness. Quite recently, I un-dependent graciousness. Quite recently, I un-derstand, a Genoese company has entered into negotiations for a six-years' concession.

There is another blotted page in the annals of Italian, or I should rather say Sicilian administration, in the continued occupation of the railway wag-ons by a considerable number of the poorer inhabitants, who fled from their ruined homes on that fatal morning of December 28, 1908. Though the correspondent of a London paper pointed this ut as long ago as June last year nothout as long ago as June last year nothing has been done yet to ameliorate the condition of these people and I counted more than 160 cars, each of which is occupied by a separate family. We saw beds and bedding turned over to all since the previous night's occupation Another interesting feature of the new Messina is the cathedral presented by the German emperor, which is simple substitute for the grand building

RED TAPE BLOCKS PROGRESS.

Very slow progress is being made in the real work of reconstructing the city. Much controversy and a totally unnecessary amount of red-tape have combined to block attempts that have been made to assist the Italian gov-ernment and it is at present impossible to say when the work work real trails ernment and it is at present impossible to say when the work really will begin All sorts of stories are told, but I have the best authority for stating that a contract has just been signed for the rebuilding of the municipal office, by a company of which Prince Scala is president and Commendatore Florio and J. A. Sinclair Pooley, an Englishman directors. The capital of the concern is \$2.000.00. Resides this, I have also seen the general plan of the new city which has been drawn up by the chief of the technical office. Cavalleri Barri, of Mes-

has been drawn up by the chief of the technical office. Cavalleri Barzi, of Messina. An English syndicate, backed by some of the leading London banks, has but forward a proposal to undertake this colossal work to complete it, under heavy penalties, within a period of flye years. This project was at first rejected by the Italian government for bolitical reasons, but there seems some prospect that it may now come off. The original idea of the Italian government was to rebuild the city within 25 years! It to rebuild the city within 25 years! If the project falls through, it will be difficult to say just when Mersina with its former export trade averaging some estimated for annum, will become again the great shipping port from west to east and vice versa. Reggio di Calabria on the mainland is giving it a lead it